mid-july, 2025
Martin Reis
Francis Mariani
Reg Beatty

15
Watersoluble artists' crayons.
Künstlerkreiden, wasserlöslich.
Craies aquarellables à l'eau.
Pastelli acquerellabili.
CARAN D'ACHE
Artists'
COLOURS
NEOCOLOR II
AQUARELLE
SWISS MADE

AUTOMATIC LEVEL RECORDING
TDK
High Bias
SA90
70μs EQ
AUTOMATIC SHUT-OFF SYSTEM
SKASONIC
3 WAY POWER/CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER
BATTERY CHECK
RECORD
◄◄ REW
►► F-FWD
► PLAY
■ STOP
EJECT

Martin Reis

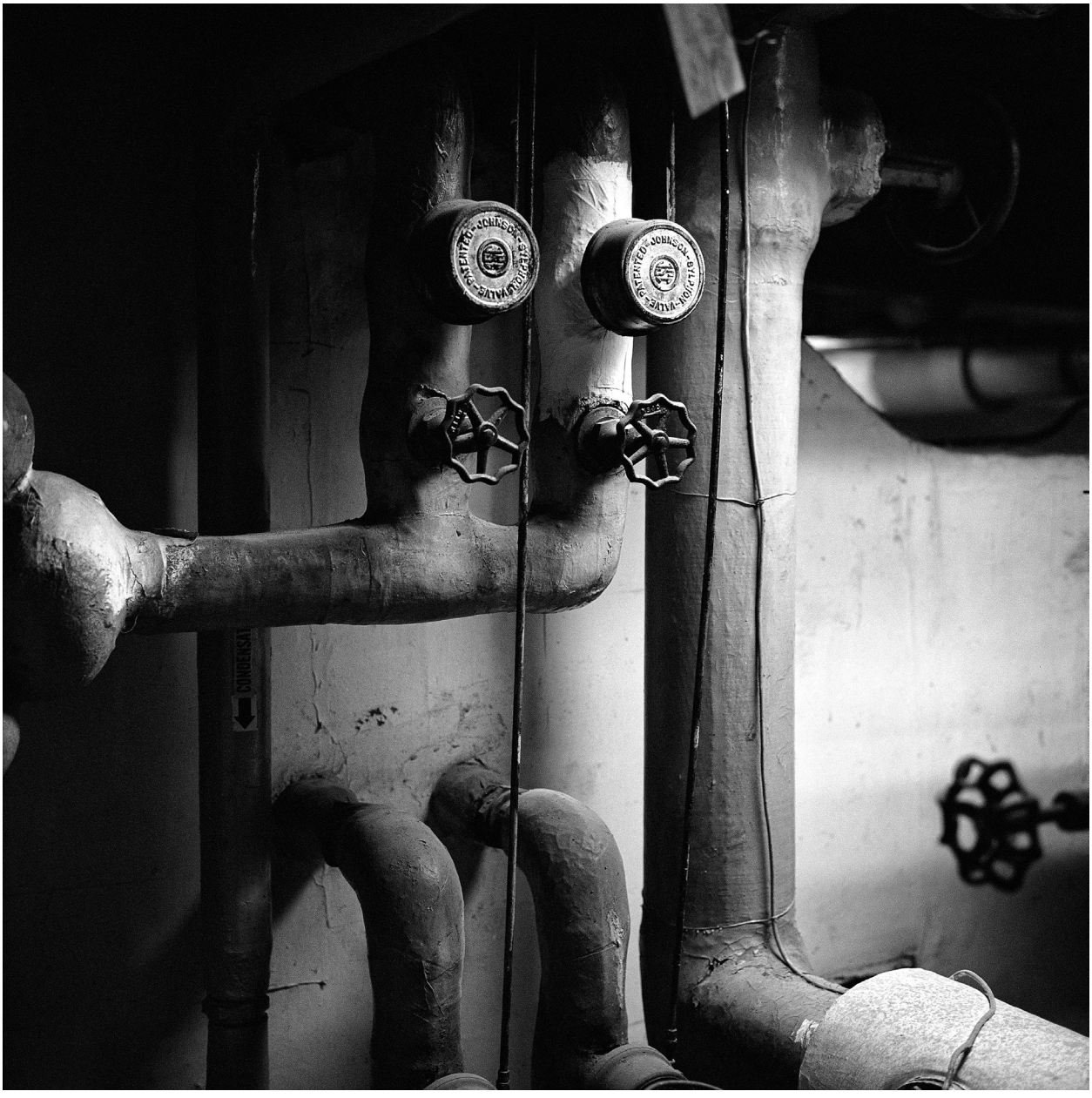
If you look over your shoulder or out of the corner of your eye you will see me. Yes, that's me that guy with the camera. The man in the long grey coat wearing a dark hat and a twin lens reflex camera in his hands, leaning up against the wall to steady the shot, the head bowed staring through the fresnel screen observing you through the viewing lens finger gently resting on the shutter release. Waiting. Ready. Shutter cocked. Subject in focus. The exposure will be perfect. Just hoping for a decisive moment. Your face turns. Now. Click! Did you hear that? Your eyes seemed to shift to one side for a second. But your head did not turn toward me. I am safe, and so are you.

We go on as if nothing ever happened but it's too late for that now. Something did happen. I took something from you, yes, but I offer this, something you would not be aware of unless I told you. What? You find this all very silly, don't you? It's just another photo. Millions upon millions are taken every day. What's one more? What could I possibly do with it? Post it? Print it and display it? Mail it to someone in a manila envelope? Like a spy? It's not incriminating evidence.

It is just a photo. Perhaps. Perhaps not.
But aren't you forgetting something?

This image that I captured on film with this metal box & curved glass will tell the world that you exist, existed when the image was taken. And what's more, the negative which may outlive you will offer you a whole new life. Have you seen that photo by Robert Capa? The Soldier. The soldier at the moment of death? In Spain during the civil war? I know what you are going to say. It's a fake. It does not matter what happened to the soldier or how he died. What matters is that he is still alive in our minds today as he was before. It does not even matter if the negative were lost in a Mexican briefcase stashed in the house of a dying diplomat nor if any print were ever made from it. What matters most is you being there before my eyes as I gently pressed the shutter release button.

It is in that moment that you became real.


CONDENSAT

Francis Mariani

Sometime at the beginning of June 2025, Jason Starzynski locked his bike to a post in front of Grace Meat Market on the corner of College Street and Grace Street.

Shortly after leaving his bike, someone stole the wheels. Jason "gave the thief an opportunity to return them", but, instead, the brakes and handlebars were also stolen.

Jason cannot afford to buy a new bicycle, so he started a Go Fund Me fundraiser. He has raised $200, the photographer donated an additional $10.

A comment from the fundraiser page: "It's really too bad that someone would behave in such a shameful way and am hoping that this fundraiser can not only replace the bike but send a message to bicycle thieves across the city that their negative actions won't bring down the good in people."

A message from Jason: "Thanks Francis! Appreciate the solidarity!" I hope he achieves his goal of $300.

https://www.gofundme.com/f/stolen-bike-parts

TORONTO
LOCK
BICYCLE

PLEASE HELP ME SEND
A MESSAGE TO THIS
BIKE THIEF!!
THANK YOU!

PLEASE HELP ME SEND
A MESSAGE TO THIS
BIKE THIEF!!
THANK YOU!

Reg Beatty

These images come from a time when I had a tendency to "glitch" everything in sight. This particular set is so heavily processed that whatever the source image once was is now completely lost. In any case, the end result seems suitable for encouraging ambient thoughts.

I was thinking of re-purposing these images while reading a wonderful interview with bpNichol in *Out-posts* (Press Porcépic 1978). I was very interested when Nichol starts to talk about how he conceived his poetry collection *Still Water* (Talonbooks 1970). This is a beautifully realized production with a box covered in reflective paper containing loose pages of poetry. The whole unordered sequence is a meditation on creating the contemporary equivalent of the haiku in the face of what he saw as the failure of most haikus in English. Here's his poem-critique from *Still Water* -

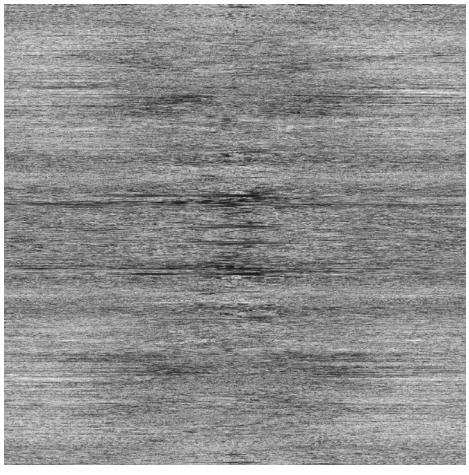
> 2 leaves touch
>
> bad poems are written

Somewhere in the background, of course, is Basho's famous "frog poem" only, as I see it, it's not really the frog but the poem that breaks the surface...

still

still still

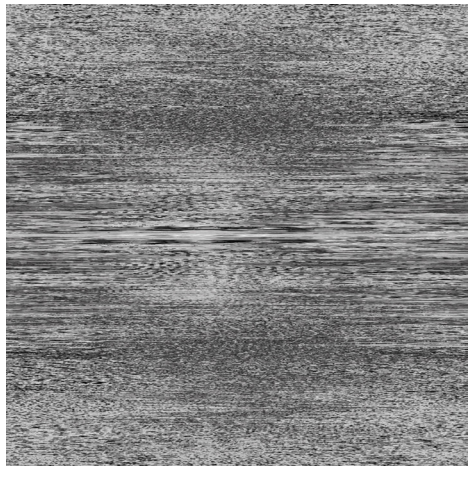
still



still

still still still
still

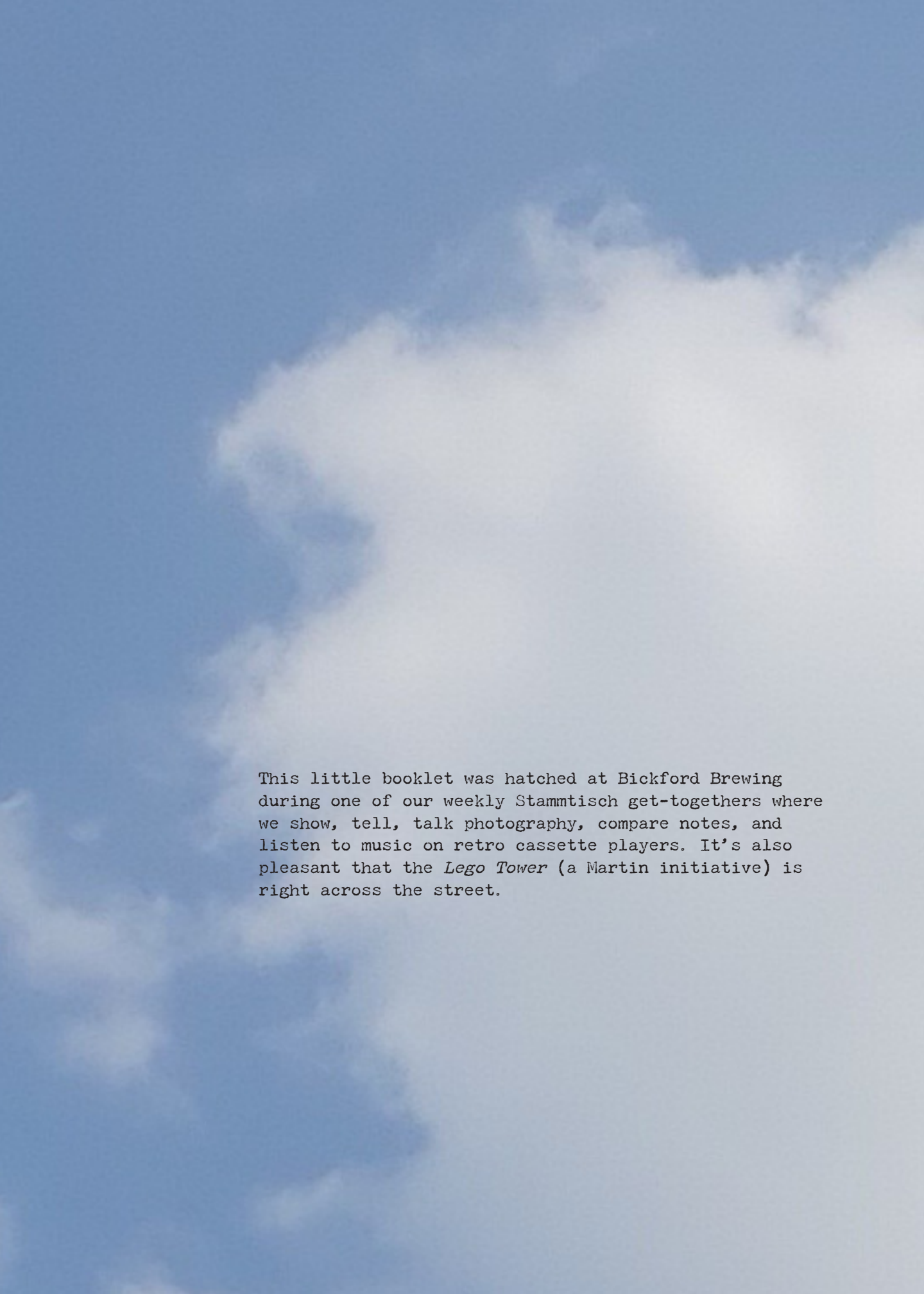
still



still still still still still still

still

still



This little booklet was hatched at Bickford Brewing during one of our weekly Stammtisch get-togethers where we show, tell, talk photography, compare notes, and listen to music on retro cassette players. It's also pleasant that the *Lego Tower* (a Martin initiative) is right across the street.

A
Y
L
TH
C
M
A